

## 1. Going down

A memory of Geneva

Up in the old part of town, on top of the hill,  
statues mourn over decrepited streets.  
The whoosh and sway of expensive cars, and skirts.  
In spoiling shops antiquities gleam

on silken bows, old pots, glaucoma of jade,  
and piles of soft sweets. Old men will foot the bill.  
In stalls on the streets beady trinkets are made  
by damsels in homespun cocoons with frills.

Down at the lake an autumnal haze in the trees.  
Spiders venture their webs. Saturday children  
on three-wheeled horses clutch the reins  
in emboldened fists, pump their still cushioned legs.

A parade of girls rolls by, a gaggle of youth.  
Their soft shirts stroke the hesitant wobble  
of juvenile breasts, dancing tails,  
on the rhythm of their strokes on noiseless skates.

In a shroud of light,  
a bent man on a bench,  
his thin hair a halo,  
a wisp and wave in the wind.

A sweep of mountain air carries across the lake  
the spray of a fountain sway, and the hoot  
of a boat that homes in, glides into berth,  
and nestles, in a rattle of its plank.